

Sunday Song

Hatchie

I don't wanna go anymore
I just wanna lie here and talk
I don't even know anyone
Maybe we could go back to yours

All the things you try hard to forget
Watching you watch clouds over our heads
Can't you see all that I see in you?
All I see in you

The way you look at me, the way I look at you
The way you look at me, the way I look at you
The way you look at me, the way I look at you
The way you look at me, the way I look at you

Feel like my heart's made up of rooms
On each wall, a portrait of you
I don't even know if I'm in view
But I could leave the light on for you

All the things you wish you hadn't said
Sick of waiting for something heaven sent
Can't you see all that I see in you?
All I see in you

The way you look at me, the way I look at you
The way you look at me, the way I look at you
The way you look at me, the way I look at you
The way you look at me, the way I look at you

The way you look at me, the way I look at you
The way you look at me, the way I look at you
The way you look at me, the way I look at you
The way you look at me, the way I look at you

The way you look at me, the way I look at you
The way you look at me, the way I look at you
The way you look at me, the way I look at you
The way you look at me, the way I look at you
The way you look at me, the way I look at you...